

THE

# Idleness of Business:

A

# SATYR.

Address'd to One who said,

A Man shew'd his Spirit, Industry,  
and Parts, by his Love of Business.

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By *WILLIAM WYCHERLEY*, Esq;

Author of *The Plain Dealer*, A Comedy.

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THE

Idioms of Business

A

STORY

Added to One who had

A man showed his spirit, industry,  
and power by his love of

BY WILLIAM W. STORRETT

Author of "The Business of the Country"

THE

LOW

Published by the



# Folly of Industry:

OR, THE

## Busy Man Expos'd, &c.

**Y**OUR Man of Bus'ness is your idlest Ass,  
 Doing most, what he least can bring to pass;  
 To satisfy vain Aims, at Wealth, Praise, Pow'r,  
 Which but augment, by their Additions more:  
 Whose Bus'ness is, to gain himself more Ease,  
 Whilst that his Pains, his Labours but increase,  
 His Aim at Rest becomes his Restlessness.  
 Since his Desires, with his Success augment,  
 Till his Success does his Desires prevent,  
 The more he gains, to have but less Content:  
 To have his Pains, his Ends but more impede;  
 For as one Wave another does succeed,  
 So the first Bus'ness does another breed.

B

And

And that a third; by more Gains, but the more  
 To make a Man more restless than before :  
 As one Wave its impetuous Course does run,  
To make but room to bring another on ;  
 So Mens Thoughts still fluctuate to and fro,  
 Till that one Bus'ness does another grow,  
 And a third does succeed the other two.  
 Till the full Tide of Bus'ness, like the Seas,  
 Does slacken and decrease, to its increase,  
 And seeks its End more to its Restlessness;  
 Till we, by Bus'ness, are o'er Head and Ears,  
 O'erwhelm'd in Troubles, and oppress'd with Cares.

Bus'ness the Monster, Errant Fools pursue,  
 Is like the *Hydra*, which *Alcides* slew,  
 (Against whom, others their vain Weapons drew ; )  
 Who by dispatching of each single Head,  
 A Couple made, to rise up in its stead,  
 Till his Pains but more Bus'ness for him bred.  
 Our Action puts its self so to its stay,  
 Our Bus'ness does but its own End delay,  
 More hastily on purpose 'twou'd obey ;  
 Becomes but more as we wou'd make it less,  
 And makes us less at Ease for our Success ;  
 As Usurers, but by their own Gold's increase,  
 Are farther from acquiring sought-for Ease ;  
 So Bus'ness is the Bane of active Life,  
 Which shou'd procure our Ease, maintains our Strife ;

Which



Which wears out Life, whilst Life it thou'd sustain,  
 Till our Death, by our Liveness, we gain.  
 Who Life, in quest of Sustainance, destroy,  
 Our Lives so, but against our Lives employ,  
 For Bus'ness let's none, Wealth it brings, enjoy.  
 So Man by Bus'ness loses all he gains,  
 By that, gets but his Labour for his Pains.  
 A Sign of Emptiness then Action is,  
 Circular Motion causing Giddiness.  
 For Bus'ness, active Idleness is found,  
 Which weakens Heads, the more 'twou'd prove 'em found,  
 And turns their Brains, by too much Motion, round.  
 By busy-Bodies, light-Heads best are known,  
 Whose hasty't Action brings 'em soonest down;  
 Their Slips and Falls, by too much Motion get,  
 To make their Speed, but their Advancements let;  
 Till their vain Action Idleness does grow,  
 Their Diligence, their Interruption too,  
 Who less dispatch, the more still they wou'd do;  
 Till their excess of busy-Motion, will  
 But seem, and be too, next to standing still;  
 As the Boy's Top the faster it runs round,  
 The stiller for it, seems to stand its Ground;  
 Whilst it, itself, by Motion, up does keep,  
 Which is, for its excess, call'd by him, Sleep:  
 So Bus'ness as the more 'tis in excess,  
 Becomes, but by more Pains, more Idleness.

Since he sure, far less idle, ought to go,  
 Who nothing does at all, than that Man, who,  
 Does all he does still, but still more in vain;  
 And there is sure no other Brute than Man,  
 But knows, when he for his use, has enough,  
 (More to his Judgment's and his Reason's proof;)  
 Who his own use, of his hard-gotten Store  
 Will not lose, by vain hopes, to make it more;  
 VWill not seek more his Riches vain increase  
 By more, to lose his Quiet, Rest, or Peace,  
 To prove his Sense less, by his restlessness.  
 Mad-men are restless, whilst Sobriety,  
 Does in a constant course, and staidness lie.  
 Then Bus'ness is laborious Idleness,  
 VWhich undertaking more, dispatches less;  
 Since our Desires, Pains, by it more increase.  
 So busy Men are Beasts, for Pains they take,  
 VWho Bus'ness seem to love for Bus'ness sake,  
 An end else, of their Bus'ness wou'd they make.  
 Not change their Ease, they seek for Drudgery,  
 Their Peace of Mind to live more anxiously,  
 Their solid Sense for light Activity.  
 VWhilst Idleness, Ease, Peace (as all pretend)  
 Of all their Bus'ness, is but all their End;  
 Then if Ease, Peace, are th' Ends of Pain and Care,  
 As they, who still take most, but most declare,  
 VWhy shou'd they not their Pains, Care, Trouble, spare?



If Bus'ness wise Men follow for its End,  
 Why their Ease, Peace, Rest, to which they pretend  
 Disturb, delay, but by their restlessness?  
 Whilst their end of their Labour is their Ease,  
 Their end of their Contention too their Peace.  
 Which they might have, and more enjoy (we know)  
 But the less they wou'd for 'em care, or do.  
 Why still for Gain, shou'd Men with Pain, Care, Grief,  
 Shorten, designing the prolonging Life?  
 Whilst of it they, for others, are profuse,  
 And out of Self-love, but for others use;  
 Since they who Life in getting most employ,  
 Can least themselves, their Lives, or Gains enjoy;  
 Who themselves, by their Care for them, destroy.  
 To spend their Lives for filthy Lucre chuse,  
 But by their Gains, their use of them to lose,  
 Can of 'em less, as they have more, dispose:  
 Nay, most improvidently (to gain more)  
 Lose more the use of what they had before,  
 By their Desires increasing with their store.  
 To grow more poor still, but as more they gain;  
 And but more Idle for their Pains in vain.  
 By love of Bus'ness, idle Industry,  
 Which Ease, its end, does to itself deny;  
 Whose wisest Bus'ness shou'd be, none to have,  
 And wisest Care, not to lose what they save;  
 To part with Wealth, to make it more their own,  
 For Pleasures, which are to them yet unknown.

But Bus'ness the Seducer of Mankind,  
 Enslaves the Body and deludes the Mind ;  
 As Spirits who betray Men's liberty  
 By their Hopes, lead 'em into Slavery ;  
 By their Aims vain, as t'others Promises  
 Of better Life, more Riches, and more Ease ;  
 To Spirit them, from Friends and Kindred too,  
 To Foreign Soils and Bondage make 'em go ;  
 More Slaves to grow, but for more Liberty,  
 And for more Ease, to live more painfully.  
 Thus a false Guide and Cheat sure Bus'ness is,  
 Makes Men more Fools for seeming the more wise ;  
 And but more brutish, senseless Beasts to grow,  
 As they wou'd for more wise and thoughtful go ;  
 Whose Reason less, by more Thought does appear,  
 By which, they have but much more Care or Fear ;  
 Whose Bus'ness, like the Beasts, is drudging on,  
 Doing what least can, whilst they live, be done,  
 To make themselves, but by more Bus'ness, none.  
 Whilst Sense or Thought, the Souls best exercise,  
 Make Man in want, by his content, most wise,  
 Gold to despise, for Freedom, Pleasure, Ease,  
 Best Ends of Wealth, and Proofs of Happiness :  
 When busy crackt Brains are known only by  
 Their restless, yet idle Activity.  
 As Changlings, who have less Sense, so more will  
 Feet, Hands, Heads, hold from emptiness less still ;



Whilst he that's truly sensible and wise,  
 Shows it by staidness of Feet, Hands, and Eyes;  
 Since of a light-Head there's no greater Sign,  
 Than the perpetual Motion it is in.  
 So Changlings still, from their Head's emptiness,  
 But move them more, as they can use 'em less;  
 Their Hands, Feet, Heads, imploy incessantly,  
 But only of their Imbecillity,  
 To make yet a more plain discovery :  
 So that the love of Bus'ness may be said,  
 To be but the Convulsion of the Head,  
 Which from the weakness of the Brain is bred ;  
 By which Tongues, Eyes, the Head, and Feet (we find)  
 To Motions but unnatural inclin'd.  
 The love of Bus'ness then, so boasted of  
 By Fools, is rather Reason's shame than proof :  
 Since busy Drudges are like Hackneys, who  
 Are hir'd the World's work, not their own, to do ;  
 Let out like Hackneys to the whole World are,  
 Burthens (like Asses) of the Wife to bear,  
 For Life's Support, and galling, heavy Gains,  
 To kill themselves with idle Care and Pains ;  
 Out of more Pride to bear more Slavery,  
 To lose, for more sway, Life or Liberty,  
 To die too, but to live Immortally.  
 To lead a hated Life, for Wealth or Pow'r,  
 Less safe and happy, striving to be more ;

For others Pleasure, Credit, or their Use,  
 Not theirs, of their Lives, Liberties profuse :  
 So prodigal vain Fools of Bus'ness are,  
 Of Life, whilst but for it is all their Care :  
 Their Mony they with difficulty lend,  
 To get Acquaintance, or to buy their Friend ;  
 Yet more profuse of precious Time appear,  
 As they pretend they've less or none to spare,  
 Lose VVealth, Life, by their taking for 'em care ;  
 VVho, since their Lives, they getting VVealth employ,  
 Their Lives or VVealth they but the less enjoy ;  
 In Bus'ness idle throwing both away,  
 To get their Life's Support, by its decay ;  
 Bus'ness dispatch but to delay their Ease,  
 Out of more love of Life, VVealth, Selfishness,  
 To have of both, by care to keep 'em less,  
 To make their Happiness their Misery ;  
 Their Parsimony, Prodigality ;  
 Their VVealth, Time, Life (their own not truly) so  
 Away, but out of selfishness, to throw  
 For others, which they so profusely save  
 For them, who for it wish them in their Grave :  
 Their young Heir, or their old Executor,  
 VVho with their Deaths more, as they'll leave 'em more ;  
 More, as more Kindness, each to each pretends ;  
 VVho, since his next Heir, is his last of Friends.  
 Then the vain, hoarding Man of Bus'ness, so,  
 For the most idle Coxcomb ought to go ;



Who, but that his Foe's Business may be done,  
 Will his own proper Business let alone,  
 And wisest Care, which is but to have none.  
 Since the best End and Aim (we must confess)  
 Of Business is, but careless Idleness;  
 The selfish, busy Man, sure than is less,  
 Out of his own Self-love, his own true Friend,  
 So busy he, can less his Ease attend,  
 Tho' of his Business 'tis but all his End:  
 Then Business is for Beasts a Drudgery  
 To Thought, Ease, Freedom, the worst Enemy  
 To Pleasure, Wisdom, Honour, Honesty;  
 Whence thoughtless, active Fools, thrive most in it,  
 For which, they hold, all idle Men of Wit  
 And Thought, are of all others most unfit;  
 Whose just Aversion 'tis, since none but Fools,  
 Or Knaves, who are in Business wise Mens Tools,  
 Can brag they love Disquiet, Labour, Pain,  
 To lose Ease by it, which they'd by it gain.  
 'Tis want of Parts then, which must Business do,  
 Whence busy Fools most prosperous in it grow;  
 And for their want of Reason, Sense or Wit,  
 Show their Capacity, but more in it,  
 Their Love more to it, as less for it fit.  
 VVe'll own the lazy Man of VVit, or Thought,  
 To suffer it, for Interest, may be brought;  
 But he, who says, that he does Business love,  
 By's wrong Sense shows, he'll less fit for it prove:

For which, by Lying, (more than Sense or Wit),  
 He truly wou'd but prove himself more fit;  
 Since Business, the more Knowing most despise,  
 Which but the choice of Knaves or bold Fools is,  
 As Imposition, on the Just or Wise;  
 Who, but because that Bus'ness best they know  
 Themselves, the meddling World, false Mankind too,  
 With it and them wou'd have the less to do.  
 The most weak Men most busy then appear,  
 As they least fit for Thought or Action are;  
 Fools, Madmen, Children, thus are busiest,  
 Whose Pains are most, but as their Sense is least,  
 And quarrel with their Friends when put to Rest.  
 'Tis Man on Beasts does Drudgeries impose,  
 To which each Beast his wise Averfion shows,  
 But them alone, the two-legg'd Afs wou'd chuse.  
 So the Beast-Man, who would not lead or drive,  
 An Affes Life does for the Publick live;  
 Whilst wiser Beasts from Curbs or Burdens run,  
 Wou'd bear (but by Man's Imposition) none,  
 But Man's your only willing Drudge (we know)  
 So more a Beast, as against Nature so;  
 As against Nature and his Reason, he  
 (Who loves his Ease most) most Drudge will be:  
 Whilst Beasts are Drudges but by force alone,  
 But only Man, of his free Choice, is one;  
 And for his Sense, which does his VVill dispute,  
 Is, for his Reason, a more senseless Brute,  
 Who wou'd be less a Beast, if like one mute;

Show



Show more his Reason and Humanity,  
If, on his Sense, he stood less senseless,  
And, like a Beast, he hated Drudgery.

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